GERMAN ART.

Interesting Sketch of the Modern Munich Art School.

RESISTANCE TO ÆSTHETIC CENTRALIZATION

Kaulbach's Relations to the Bavarian Academy.

REALISM. IDEALITY AND COLOR

Young American Artists Abroad-What Should Be Done for Them.

HERR VON PILOTY'S WORK.

MUNICH. Dec. 12, 1874. After the establishment of the German Empire, ich Berlin as the capital, many people thought hat political centralization would lead to social entralization; that the new capital would soon attract every political, scientific or literary canation. They fancied that the smiller capitals and towns, like Munich, Dresden, Stuttgart and Prankfort, which hitherto had been so many focuses of light and of culture, would gradually lose their gh position before the new star's dazzling light, and would become as dull, monotonous and devoid of intellectual life as any French provincial town can be. In a word, they thought that Berlin would monopolize Germany as Paris has monopolized

These apprehensions, however generally entertained, even by true and sound patriots, must be declared altogether erroneous. A somewhat closer inspection of the state of things, as well as of the minds of the people, will easily prove our assertion. The peculiar disposition of the French has undoubledly done more for the enormous superiority of Paris over all the rest of France than even the manifold charms of their brilliant capital. The French see those charms, as it were, through a magnifying glass, and are so eager in enjoying them that one of their witty authors said, without committing any very great exaggeration, "My countrymen may be divided into two classes—those who live in Paris and those who would like to do so, but cannot afford it." Of the Germans, on the contrary, it might be well said, reversing the French author's wittiesm, "The Germans may be divided into two classes—those who are com-pelled by their interests or by politics to sojourn at Berlin and those who can afford to live some-CENTRES OF GERMAN LIFE.

We do not say too much in asserting that centralization in Germany will only be political. Social centralization, such as exists spontaneously. without any effort, in France, a centralization which lies in the minds and in the habits of the people themselves, is as yet entirely unknown in rmany, and will most probably continue to be so, as the very spirit and genius of the nation are dverse to it. Goetne himseli wrote earnestiy against it. So far as science, literature, fine arts, in short the whole vast domain of intelectual culture, are concerned, centralization has made no progress whatever since 1866 or 1870. On the contrary, Dresden, Munich, Franklort, Stuttgart, Leipsic and many other German towns are making great and successful efforts not only to equal, but to surpass, in single intellectual or ocial departments the capital of the Empire, and thus to win back whatever they may have lost by dverse political events. Indeed, we are inclined to look upon it as a very good thing that political and military life have been centred in Berlin, thus leaving the minor capitals, or princes rather. ample time and excuse for devoting their attention to the promotion of art and science and

THE LITERARY CENTRES OF GERMANY. A few striking examples will easily prove the truth of this assertion. To speak of science, it is well known that the University of Berlin is not at all superior to other first rate German universities. Leipsic, for instance, greatly surpasses it by tific reputation of its teachers. Only a few months ago Herr Windscheid, the most celebrated teacher common Roman law in Germany, having had professorships at both universities offered to him nuitaneously, did not hesitate to accept the position at Leipsic as being the better and more influential. Again, the literary movement of Germany is anything out concentrated in the capital of the Empire. The publication and saie of books are chiefly carried on in Leipsic and Stuttgart. The most important newspapers of Germany are the political metropolis. The Cologne Gazette and the Augsburg Gazette by far surpass the other German papers. The latter has been very properly described as a German daily Saturday Review.

GERMAN ART-DUSSELDORF AND MUNICH,

If we look at the department of fine arts the inferiority of the German capital becomes even more apparent. Berlin may be the paradise of German military men and politicians, but it is perhaps the last place to which a young artist would think of going in order to complete his studies. The Hobenzoilerns were never particularly notable for their patronage of art, nor was it ever, nor is it now, necessary that they should be. Since the days of Von Muchier (or, as the Berliners say, of Adelheid, his wife), Minister of Public Worship, Education and Fine Arts, the Berlin Academy of Art has sunk to comparative insignificance, and Dr. Falk has as yet not been able to make good the seventy years of Muchier's incapacity. Munich and Dusseldorf are now the great art centres of Germany. Dresden, although possessing artistic treasures at least equal to toose of Munich, excelled only pernaps by those of Paris or Rome, takes actually little or no part among the productive art centres of ermany. It is Munich, however, which alone can with justice lay claim to the proud title of being the artistic capital of Germany. A new generation of artists has sprung up here, men full of vigor, talent and faith in the future of German art, who have shaken off the stiff pedantry of the ancient academical doctrines, and have brought a tresh impulse and new life into the art which had been feeding, meagrely enough, upon back's grandeur. It is sufficient for the present to recall the names of Hans Makart, Gabriel Max and Franz Defregger, the best representatives of this new school of realistic art. Impartial and conscientious critics did not hesitate to place the works of these artists exhibited last year in Vienna peside the master pieces of contempora-

Before we speak of the young artists who have carried the reputation of the modern Munich art to all parts of the world it may be well to say a few words about the school itself and the man who, although himself a great and skillul artist, has gained more reputation and achieved greater merit in calling out or creating as it were the kart has long ago overtopped his teacher,

Piloty. MEFFECTS OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM VON KAULBACH. Strangers or foreigners may have been induced to believe that the present flourishing condition of the Munich Academy of Arts is due to Kaulbach, and that his death last April may have given a check to its further development. Nothing, however, could be more errorreous, In fact, although we do not wish to violate the respect due to the memory of one of the greatest artists Germany ever produced, our still greater respect for historical truth compels us to state that Kaulbach contributed little or nothing to the present flourishing state of the Musica Academy and that the new school of the Musica Academy and that the new school of tunes Academy and that the new school of ant young artists sprang uyand found its without the assistance or even against Wil-yon Kaulbach. This somewhat astounding is explained by the study of Kaulbach's ar-

civitic convictions, is with an of the pocularities of this unfined character, which unfitted him for the that earlies and character, which unfitted him for the that could be an observed that the new school of art, and the could be an observed that the new school of art, and the could be an observed that the new school of art, and the could be an observed that the new school of art, and the could be an observed that the new school of art, and the could be an observed that the public of color to powerful conception and pure fandies design, workstike those of Hand the public, were, and are still, treated with an order of the public, were, and are still, treated with an order of the public, were, and are still, treated with a some and contempt by the older master; and Kaulbach himself, in former years, old anything but one of the color of th

of his "Germanicus," or "Thusneida," which is intended for the maximilianeum at Munich. He is
now engaged up-n two new large pictures, the
sketches and drawings of which are already prepared. In the course of my visit the great artist
was kind enough to explain to me the plan of these
highly interesting works.

PILOTY'S NEW PICTURES.

The first of Piloty's new works will be double
the size of his "Inusheida," and will be one of
the largest paintings existing. It is ordered by
the City Council of Munich, and is destined to
adorn the large half of the beauthul gothic city
palace recently erected on the Marien-Piatz. It
excites the greatest interest in artistic circles,
especially as it gives Piloty, the unrivalete head
of the coloristic and realistic school, an opportunity of trying his genus in a style which is
somewhat new to him, in that idealistic
and allegorical style of which Kaulioach
is universally acknowledged to see unrivaled
interpreter, and the six large paintings in the
Berlin Museum the very prototypes not only in
Germany but in the whole of Europe. The composition will be symbolical, but the execution will
be done in Piloty's master style; that is to say, it
will be adorned with the rarest coloristic effects
and that astounding mastery of the smallest details which Photy possesses in such an eminent
degree. Had Photy Kaulbach's great, high genus
he would, with his wonuer ut power of color, far
suipass his predecessor.

THE PICTURE OF THE "LITTLE MONK."

he would, with his wonderful power of color, far surpass his predecessor.

THE PICTURE OF THE "LITTLE MONK."

I shall endeavor to describe this picture after the artist's own explanation to me. In the centre, the ideal figure of "Monachia," stepping forth from a gethic hall, meets a large assembly, composed of all great and illustrious men, who, in the course of seven centuries, have been connected with the development of the city, and have contributed in some way or other to its ame and renown. It is perhaps to be regretted that the long file of illustrious personages will not be led further than to the end of the eighteenth century, and will contain none of the modern illustrious men of Munica. This restriction will remove, of course, a number of the eighteenth century, and will contain none of the modern illustrious men of Munica. This restriction will remove, of course, a number of emoarrassing and painum difficulties and questions of etiquette which otherwise would have met the artist at every step. The foreground of the picture will contain two allegorical groups, in which the artist at every step. The foreground of the picture will contain two allegorical groups, in which the artist at every step. The foreground of the picture will contain two allegorical groups, in which the artist at every step. The foreground of the picture will contain two allegorical groups, in which the artist at every step. In the then ymph of the Isar, that impetuous Alpine torrent whose foaming waters sweep so swittly past the city. The goodess is represented as a dark, gloomy woman, pouring water from an urn. A single meagre vein of pure gold is minged with the waters—a playind allission to the auriterous quality of the sands of the river, which in former times yielded a small quantity of that precious metal, but which did not pay for the scarch. The flowing waters bear upon their surface a raft steered by rooust mountaineers in Alpine attire, just as they are seen at the present day, darting under, with loud hailooing, the lofty arches of the Maximilian briske. To the left we see the Corn Exchange. Strong men are carrying the sacks of grain and pigeoos fly nither and thither, picking up the grain, symbolical of the iruitinaess of Bavaria. For this picture Director Photy will receive a sum of 50,000 florins, or a little over \$20,000. The amount is not excessively large, perhaps, when we take into account the prodignous on that carrid, cloudy drama which must be devoted to it for a space of three years, for this its the time it will take their von Piloty to complete it.

A Pilotre of The Piricoleuses, those numan monsters who sate, and money which must be devoted from Piloty by illing and chattering, and quietly adding one mesh to their kiniting for each theat claiming fors restriction will remove, of course, a numb of emoarrassing and pain at difficulties and que

the most considerable place. Herr young Americated with Number deadeny he had reased any visited the Number deadeny he had reased any visited the Number deadeny he had reased any visited the Number deadeny he had reased the visited that they fully deserve the exceptional interest he takes in their progress and artistic development. Nor does Herr Plioty confine his praise to our American students. In his own school; he extends it on the confine his praise to our American students. In his own school; he extends it on the confine his praise to our American students. The Americans are taking the lead it everything, the said. I shall afterward speak at greater length of the works of those American students. "The Americans are taking the lead it everything, the said. I shall afterward speak at greater length of the works of those American students. "The Americans are taking the lead it everything, the said. I shall afterward speak at greater length of the works of those American stellars and the advantage of the city, the greneral prejudic that existed about America's being the country of materianism, and subject solely to the rule of the almight doilar.

Certainly the readers of these letters will derive some legitimate pride from the fact that even the youngest of these 'sone almost unprepared, and have to begin their artistic studies anew, are rully able to bear the competition of their German or Sclavonic coheagues. Only last year they earned the greater part of the prizes offered for public competition by the acatemical satthorities. Said Ploty of the prizes offered for public competition by the acatemical satthorities. Said Ploty of the prizes offered for public competition by the acatemical satthorities. Said Ploty of the prizes offered for public competition by the acatemical satthorities. Said Ploty of the prizes of the modula. I am glad of it; it will do thepooys good. "I am sorry to say, however, that M. Piloty has been now and then roughly criticaled for his saleged exity in the family of the prizes of th

THE DRAMA ABROAD.

REVIVAL OF GOUNOD'S "MIREILLE"-FIRST OF "GIROFLE-GIROFLA" IN PARIS. - A COMEDY IN THREE DRESSES-JULES VERNE'S "BOUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS"-

A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

PARIS, Dec. 14, 1874. Mile. Lory has made her first courtesy to the people as Zerine, in "Don Juan," at the French Opera. She is a smart little lady, with gay, pleasant looks and black eyes, and she wears the costume of Mazetto's betrotned with a grace that will one day turn the heads of all the golden youth in New York. She has also the unusual advantage the piano, besides her gift of singing, and she was the favorite pupil of M. Eugène Gautier, Professor of Harmony at the Conservatoire. The manner in which she sang "La ci darem la mano" was quite delicious, and was rendered more so by the exquisite singing of Faure, as Don Juan. She is next to appear as the page, in the "Huguenots," and then as in z. in the "Favorite," so that American managers will do well to keep an eye upon her.

Gounod's "Mirelile" has been revived with the same success as when it first appeared at the Theatre Lyrique, in 1864, and Mme. Carvatho, who took the principal part, carried off another laurel. She was admirably seconded by Mme. Galli-Marié, MM. Duchene, Melchissedec and Ismael. But the great fault of "Mireille" is that one leels bound to ompare it with 'Faust," and it loses somewhat by the comparison. Gounod seems to have thrown the best part of his genius into the latter work; and the public, spellbound by the memories of that masterpiece, expected that his next production would be a still greater marvel. It was the misfortune of Halévy to be always judged by the standard of the 'Jewess," and he never composed anything equal to that grand opera. Félicien David, too, produced nothing so good as his and Victor Massé composed nothing equal to "Galatea," while Auner, Adam and Thomas may have sometimes regretted that they excelled themselves in "La Muette," "Le Chalet" and "Le Songe." Rossini, wiser than most musicians, rested upon his triumph after "William Tell," and it would have seen better for M. Gounod's same had he also taken some repose. The plot of "Mireille" is not very interesting, and the music is far interior to that of "Fanst." Still, there are some fine effects in it, and it may be said that genius is never wholly without inspi-

ration.

The new comic opera of "GIROFLE-GIROFLA." which has had so much success in London and Brussels, has now been brought out at the Renaissance, in Paris. The music is by M. Lecocq. who has rather displaced Offenbach in the fickie favor of the French public. "Giroffé-Giroffa" has been played 181 times in London, and will therefore, probably, be exported very soon to New York. It is a cheeriul and pretty opera, very sprightly and amusing, with just a little dash of naughtiness, so gay and graceful that even soler folk may try to lorgive it. Fit is a pity that M. Lecceq is a little to lorgive it. *it is a pity that M. Lecocq is a little given to borrowing the ideas of other composers without acknowledgedent; but we must be thankful for ammaement, perhaps, without looking too closely to see what it is made of. Mile, Granter played the chief character with a good deal of vivacity and cleverness. She is a little creature whom one might missake for Titania in a summer twingot, and she has an arch, expressive face, with a pleasing voice, though her voice is not very strong. Mile, Alphonsine, one of the Stars of the Paisis Royal, sang the part of Aurora, and the curtain fed aimid that uproarious applianse with they can be a strong. Mile alphonsine, one of the stars of the which the Parisian public rewards merry songs that they can be seen forces the saint they arrived the saint that uproarious applianse with the parisian public rewards merry songs that they can be seen forces to the valid of that exact and rather cantankerous gentieman, who is of opin-

and rather cantankerous gentieman, who is of opinion that no play he writes can be acted with it has ion that no piss he writes can be acted until it has gone through a ruinous number of renearsals. On this occasion he got into a fight with the manager of the theatre, and the manager cut it short by putting the piece upon the stage without his permission. The fact was that he was much occupied with a drama called "La Haine," which he has written for the daite Theatre, and the management of the Variétés reasonably complained that he would not give enough time to the other piece. Then again Lecocq, who is equally busy, could not, or would not finish his score till he was roused up in the anddie of the night before the first representation, and forced by an enterprising friend to complete his work under the influence of repeated doses of strong coffee. So M. Bertrand, the manager of the Variétés, at last got his way, in apite of both author and musician, and the play, so mastify produced, has been a great success. The olot of the "Pré Sain: Gervais"

has been now much enlarged, and Mms. Peschard plays the part which was artine tor Mise Distact. Phola-Marié was a charming graette and sang the song of the "Lity and the Rose" with great taste and spirit. Durius, too, was as good as ever, and the piece promises to be among the best pleasures of the Parisians this winter.

A. Licca, dramatist and at demore, mulcitan, have produced a "LES PARIAS."

for the Châtelet, which is now colled the Opéra Populaire. Here is a summary of the plot, which is laid in India:—The widow of a deceased rajan is destined, according to custom, to be burned she produced the control of the latest the control of the product of the control of the first act isling upon his death. In the second, however, the body of the dead man is under the product of the latest the product of the cast, in the sact, and the pariah of the death. In the second, however, the body of the dead man is the product of the control of the latest the pariah and the company of the latest the product of the control of the latest the product of the control of the latest the pariah and the missionary attempt to rescue her; the the curtain fails again. When it rises the widow's inneral pyre is ready, and a solimin procession conducts are thinker to be fames, when the pariah and the missionary attempt to rescue her; out they are overpowered by the multitude and all three are then led, for some inexplicable reason, to the stage. Here a socond miracis transforms the tuberal pile into a Portugues ship, or when the arrival is announced victims to a place of salety and let us hope, of happiness. The music of the "Paria" is rather of a heavy character, and, as the Parisians cumplationary research and the parish and let us hope, of happiness. The music of the "Paria" is rather of a heavy character, and, as the Parisians cumplationary cases and the parish and let us hope, of happiness. The music of the Parisi's Dera, which as indicated the sugar the parision of the p

wrights.

A very amusing piece called

"Le four du Monde en quarre-vingts jours,"
in five acts and an indefinite number of tableaux,
has been brought out at the Porte Saint Martin.
It is the joint production of MM. Verne and
b'Ennery. The former of these gentlemen once
wrote a tale turning on a wager made in
London that the nero of the book would accomplish the tour of the globe in eighty days, or really
only in seventy-nie, because in travelling toward
the sun ne would lose four minutes for every
degree he traversed, and as the earth is divided in
860 he has before him 1,440 minutes, or twenty-our the sun he would lose four minutes for every degree he traversed, and as the earth is divided in 360 he has before him 1,440 minutes, or twenty-our hours, on arriving at the end of his journey. The play follows the story of tace book, and in so doing gives a series of scenes placed on the stage with marveilous truth of decoration. From London the spectator is taken to the Suez Canal; from Bombay to Calcutta, where a sutree is about to take place; then to the Malay country; from San Francisco to New York the train is attacked by a band of redskins on the warpath; han finally, by steamer to Liverpool, on which passage the traveller goes through the innocent intrigues and scenes usual on board the big steamers, and the plot ends in a London West End ciub. The plece is one continual panorama of most exact and vivid pictures of the different countries, and to add to the life-like scenes a live elephant comes on the stage in the India part of the play and per forms some tricks with great cunning and decitity. On the whole, this is the best piece now playing in Paris; and it is something more than amusing; it is really instructive, and will teach the Parisians much more of loreign countries than help would ever have been likely to find out without the guidance of M. Verne.

The other theatrical news just now current is comprised in a biography of Mile. Roussed, who made such a sensation in Beiot's drama, "C'Article 47," at the Ambigu. It seems that she was born at Nort of poor parents, who apprenticed her to a seamstress, and for some years sale lived a hand-to-mouth existence on chance work which she got from the snops, Once sne soid oranges on the Bonevard, at the corner of Rue de Rougemont, being absolutely langry and frienliess.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD RELIEF FUND

The following additional contributions have been received by the Rev. Alvah Wiswall, Master of St. John's Guild. No. 52 Varick street, and paid over to Andrew W. Leggal, Almoner :-

THROUGH FRANCIS II. JENKS. SENT TO THE GUILD OFFICE. Mrs. Clark.
Anonymous
A poor man
Auonymous
B W B ents of pocketbook found in the street... Contents of pocketanos (Contents)

Charles II. Weiling
Frederick T Frey
Sale of waste paper
Sympathy
Fresbyterian. Total \$197 50
Amount previously acknowledged \$2,687 (2 Grand total.....\$2,884 52

Contributions are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the lighald office, or to Mayor Wick-ham, City Hall. REFORMS IN THE PUBLIC CHARI-TIES.

President Bailey was yesterday interrogated on the subject of the reforms which the new Com-missioners intended to put into operation. While not entering into any specific details Mr. Bailey said that he was arraid the Board would be greatly hindered in their efforts at reform by the politicians, many of whom had axes to grind in the expartment. When asked about I weed he declared that he had not seen him, although he had been "where he might have seen him," but entertained no doubt that the orders that had been given to the Warden consequents. Warden concerning his treatment had been given to complied with in every respect.

A MORSEL FOR THE MORBID.

An elderly man named George Harline, whose residence is No. 180 Hester street, wanted to commit suicide yesterday. He wanted to do it in the most public and startling way. About eleven o'clock in the morning he called at the Fourteenth o'clock in the morning he called at the Fourteenth precinct station house and said that he had tried to kull himself in the Atlantic Garden, but that the builet missed its mark, and he was ejected from the saloon before he could make another trial. He was excited, and his face, scarred and blackened with powder, gave evidence of the truth of his story that a pistol had been discharged hear to it. Harline then said that he had bought a double-barreied pistol from David Lurch, of No. 182 Grand street, who had loaded the weapon for him. Finally he drew the pistol from his pocket and announced that he would end his life in the station house. Before he could place it to his bead Sergeant Poinamus caught his hand, and, alter a short struggie, wrested it from him. Dr. Shannon was sent lor, and he pronounced Harline temporarily insane. He was, therefore, sent to Believue Hospital.

TALKS ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

"The Love That Lived"-"More Bedtime Stories"-"The Treasure Hunters."

CHAT ABOUT DRESS.

"What is that book you have been poring over all day, Feliciat" said Miss Rachel, laying down her work and looking inquiringly at her cousin. FELICIA-This is one of Harper's last, "The Love

That Lived," by Miss Elloart.

Miss Rachet.—I have just finished the book and

must say I found it very absorbing.

Mrs. Norron—I should like to know something about this book that appears to interest you two young ladies so deeply.

Miss Rachel—Well, I can give you the story in a

few words, if you have not time to read the book. In the first place, there are two heroes and two heroines—an old couple and a young couple. The love that lived was between the old couple, whose early relations have resulted in a complicated ploa The story opens in a country vil-lage in England, where, standing upon a bridge, talking radicalism to a journeyman printer, is the young hero, Robert Reed. they talk the bridge is swept from under them and the two men are dashed into the water beneath. The printer, Tony Byng, being a good swimmer, manages to save himself, while Reen is rescued by a young swell. Lionel Rivington, who With the Rivington party is Sybil Chevne, Junior heroine, a niece of Mr. Rivington, senior, and his two daughters Maud and Avic. Reed would almost rather have been drowned than to be rescued by Lionel, for although he is but a poor bookkeeper, living with his mother in a cottage in the wood he has been bold enough to look admiringly upon Sybii, who lives at the manor. Reed has an opportunity to save Lionel's life some time after, so they are quits. They hate each other, however, for Reed knows that Lionel has more than cousinly feeling for Sybil, while Lionel is outraged that such a base born fellow as Reed dare even speak to a woman in her position. Mrs. Reed goes up to Wychenolme, the Rivingtons' place, to thank Lionel for saving her son's life, and, while there she sees a portrait of the elder Rivington, taken in his early manhood, hanging upon the wall. She looks upon it and nearly faints, but manages to control herself and leaves the house in an agitated frame of mind. Later on she sees the original of the portrait, now a gray haired old

man, and her suspicions are confirmed. To make a long story short it appears that twentyfive years ago Mary Reed married Robert Surtoun, a poor young bank clerk. He became dreadfully ill, and to get the necessary food to keep him alive his wife took money belonging to his employers. sins wife took money belonging to his employers. For this she was tried, found guilty and sentenced for seven years. In the meantime Robert, her husband, got worse and was taken away by his sister, the nears nothing of his banished wife until after the seven years of her exile are up, and then he learns that the ship she sailed for home in was wrecked on the voyage. She, however, had taken passage in another steamer and landed safely in England with her baby. But her husband was not to be found, and she mourned bim as dead. He, believing that she was lost at sea, is persuaded to take his uncle's name, Rivington, and marry his dauguter Laura, although he never loved her, nor she him, for that matter. The father dies and the son-in-law succeeds to the business and makes an immense fortune. All the time his heart is buried in the sea with his dead wife.

After all these years of toil and poverty Mary Reed, as she now calls herself, and her son Robert drift to Wychester, where the Rivingtons live. The truth is soon discovered by Mrs. Reed, Mr. Rivington and his sister Millicent, and finally made known to Robert Reed, Sybii, Tony Byng and at last to Lionel. Mary, Reed is repaid for all her sufferings by finding that her husband stall loves her more than lile, and she is happy.

Mrs. Norton—And is she whiling to keep quiet and say nothing about her rights—to live in poverty while the other wife is surrounded by every laxury?

Miss Raciikl—Yes; for she would rather have her nusband's love than his money, and she feels a pitty for the other woman. But Robert, her son, is not so easily satisfied. He thinks he has been treated shabbily and wants his rights.

Felicia—I despise a man like Robert Reed, who pretends to a superiority over nis fellows, but who, when he comes to be templed, is as weak as the weakest. To be sure he resigned his right to when he comes to be templed, is an away as a substitute of the succession of the filess weath as the weakest. To be sure he resigned his right to the coke, and in the right of th For this she was tried, found guilty and sentenced

the weakest. To be sure he resigned his right to Wycheholme, although ne knew it was his by right of entail, but he would not have done it but for Sybil, who was a splendid woman, too good for

Miss Rachel-He would have been a thoroughgoing rascal if he had told innocent Mrs. Rivington and her daughter of the true state of the case, They had done nothing and it would have killed them to have known the truth. Then he really had no right to the money, for it was Mrs. Rivington's from her father, and his father had only increased it by inheriting his father-in-law's busi-

FELICIA-Still it must have been very hard to have resigned everything in lavor of the man he

Miss RACHEL-Not everything, for did not be win Sybil, who was worth more than all of Wycheholme and its wealth? and he would not have won her if he had acced differently.

Mrs. Nouron-It seems to me that innocence and ignorance did a great deal of miscalef in that story. Although the plot at first appears quite unnatural, I can readily imagine such a case. To have her husband die in her arms was as much as Mary Reed cared for, poor thing! One mother lived only for her son and the other only for her husband. A more equal distribution of love might have had better results.

FELICIA-The little glimpse we get of the two Rivington girls makes me sorry that they did not figure more frequently upon the scene. And dear Miss Millicent, she is the kind of an old maid that

Miss RACHEL-I thought that our election days were bad enough, but it must be awaii over in England at such times. Imagine a defeated candidate for Congress being followed through the streets by a howling, hissing mob ready to tear him limb from lime, or to offer him any indignity. The trouble in this country is that a defeated candidate is not considered of even enough consequence to excite a mob. If he is thought of at all it is only in pity.

SPEAKING LIKENESSES.

"I did not suppose that Miss Rossetti could write such a silly book as this," said the Doctor, with a copy of "Speaking L kenesses" (Roberts Bros.) in his hand. 'It is too commonplace to be worth while. A little girl has a birthday and everything goes wrong, and then she goes to sleep and greams of enchanted children. One child is called Hooks and has hooks growing out of it which hook everybody; another is called Quilis, who sticks into everybody, another is called Sticky, another Slimy. There is a grand row and the dreamer wakes up."

FELICIA-it must be a relief to awaken out of such a dream as that,
"Here is another story," resumed the Doctor,

"that is not much better. It is about a good little giri who never stopped to play, and is rewarded for her virtue. Such children are to me like the little girl of whom it is written-

There was a little girl.

And she had a little curl,
And the had a little curl,
And it hung on the middle of her forehead,
And when she was bad she was very bad indeed,
But when she was good she was horrid.

The book slightly suggests 'Alice in Wonderland,' but is not so clever. The pictures by Arthur Hughes are characteristic, but not up to his own mark. They don't compare with his illustrations for MacDonald's 'The Back of the North Wind' and

'The Princess and the Goblin.'"
Miss Rachel.—Perhaps it is because Mr. Hughes could not get up the interest in this that he must have had for those imaginative, wierd books of MacDonald's. He evidently sympathizes with

those exquisite, dreamy stories. FELICIA-Didn't Miss Rossetti Write a book

called "Commonplaces," whose title exactly described tis contents?

Miss RACHEL-Yes, I believe so; but she also wrote a book of "Sing Songs" for little people, full of the most delicate and lovely fancies, expressed in the most musical manner-a little toe difficult for children, perhaps, but very charming to the older members of the family. The Songs' had a touch of Blake.

Mrs. Nonton-it is no easy matter to write for children, and few authors have made a success of that branch of literature. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is one of the few, and the author of "Alice in Wonderland" is another.

MORE BEDTIME STORIES. "Here is Mrs. Moulton's 'More Bedtime Stories (Roberts Bros.), which are nardly up to the mark. When I read Lucy to sleep I want something of a more cheerful kind," continued Mrs. Norton. "The child cries over these and says they give her bad dreams. 'Read me those stories in the morning, mamma, she said; they make a lump come in my throat at night and I can't get to sicep." MISS RACHEL-The stories are too sad for chil-

dren. The first volume had the same fault. It is hardly worth while to thrust sorrowful tales at the youngsters. Let them read the "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Book of Nonsense." They had much better laugh than cry. The crying is sure to come later in life. The Doctor-Speaking of crying, I know of a brother physician who never lets his children cry.

no matter what happens to them. His oldest child is eleven years of age and has never wept a tear in his life.

Mrs. Norron—That is brutal. Don't the man

know that tears are often the greatest relief? I pity his children and his wife, too.

The Doctor-He is a very good father, and the best of husbands. He never whips his children either. This crying business is merely a notion. He even carries it into the hospital where he is surgeon, and has got the nurses into such good training that they in turn have almost gotten their little patients under control. But to return to Mrs. Moulton. I think she is a much better correspondent than a story teller. If she would only put a little more iun into her stories they would be very good, for they are well told, and certainly have good morals.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS. "If you want a book with an adventure in every chapter, here it is," said Fred, pulling a copy of "The Treasure Hunters" (Harper & Brothers) out of his pocket.

Miss RACHEL-And the chapters are very short at that. I picked up the book the other evening after you had gone out, and read it through before bedtime.
FRED-It interests one in spite of himself; for,

although the incidents are often ridiculous, they are told with an air of sincerity which practically washes them down. I don't know where Mr. George Manville Fenn could have got all his ideas from. It must have been a long time ago when ladies were surrounded by bloody miners in the streets of San Francisco, and shot at and insulted generally. I imagine that such a row as that between Dawson, Adams, Larry Carey and the roughs must have been strange even in San Fran-

nothing to be done woode it. It had say that sat all they will wear them long. We Americans tounk that there is an air of reckless wealth about a silk skirf that drags through the mud and slush. It is on the same principle of some persons thinking it looks generous to fill your tea cup until it slops over.

Mrs. Norron—I should say that there was considerable difference between this book and the

MIS. NORFON—I SHOULD SAY that there was considerable difference between this book and the "Ugir Girl Papers" you were reading last week. Felicia—A decided difference; and I beneve more in the "Ugiy Girl Papers" than in this book. It is much better for a woman to make herself handsome than to rob herbelf of every trace of beauty, as she would it she followed the rules laid down here.

Miss Rachel.—Felicia, I am ashamed of you; you Miss Rachel.—Feilcia, I am ashamed of you; you do not mean what you say.

FELICIA—Well, perhaps I do not mean all that my words seem to; but I do hate this nagging at girls about their dress. We are not so dreadully unhealthy, yot we do not do the things these cress reformers recommend.

Miss Rachel.—It is the hobby of these reformers to have the weight of all the clothes come upon the shoulders. That would never do for me. Do you rememost, Felicia, the agonies we suffered in those redingotes of ours.

FELICIA—Indeed I do. Life was a burden with all that weight on my shoulders; it seemed to drag me to the earth.

me to the earth.

Miss KACHEL—It may do for some people, but it

FELICIA—Hoteed I do. Life was a burden with all that weight on my saout-ders; it seemed to drag me to the earth.

Miss Rachel.—It may do for some people, but it does not suit my case. I like some of the weight to come upon my nips. Now that you have gotten over some o. your indignation, my lair consin, if will coniess that I do n.d. agree altogether with the opinions set forth in this little volume. In the first place I believe in the use, not the abuse, of corsets. I should all to pieces without them.

Felicia—The writer says that she never yet knew a gar or woman to say that her corsets were laced tightly.

Miss Rachell.—Of course not, for those who do lace won't acknowledge it, and those who do not have notaing to acknowledge. Annt Jane, what do you think of this? Here is one woman doctor who says that we should not wear our clothing any thicker over the stomach than any other part of the body; that there is too muce heat there any way, and that all our undercothes should be made in once piece, so that no one part shall be any warmer than another.

Miss Norkon—All I have to say is that the woman is crazy. I know that a little extra danner over the stomach in cold weather is a great help. These reforming women are numburgs, who merely write for the sake of notoriety. I have no laint in them. Were not our grandparents as healthy and as strong as any peopie need want to be, and they wore corsets, hoods, thick quitted petiticoats and anything east they wante to?

Felicia—Here is one women who thinks that opera singers even should dress in something like fluorer clothes. Imagine the beautiful Kellogg or the stately Nisson in partitions and short skirts, with her hair cut short and just reaching her collar! I hese women radi at the low-necked dresses of the pir of the period. Do you remember that party on Madison avenue not long ago? The lady-on that occasion who wore the most disgustingly decoded dress in the room was one of the strong-minded.

Miss Rachell—Yes, I remember that was a most disgustingly decoded ano